THE STAR PUBLISHING CO., No. 230 Walnut street, (Adjoining the New Post-office),

MONDAY...... DECEMBER 27

A Similar Case.

And now comes the story that another man is to be sacrificed for writing editorials for the New York World. Secretary Fish has had a good deal laid at his door, and has been able either to justify his course or refute the charges made against him, but now that he is accused of inspiring the articles on our foreign intercourse in the World he may have a rougher time of it. Poor Catacazy withstood everything that could be brought against him, and each time triumphed over his foes; but when they caught him writing editorials for the New York World he fell. His sovereign was not a reader of the World, and did not know much about its character or contents, but the case was presented to him so strongly that, without being fully cognizant of the nature of this charge against his representative, he fest that it must be something serious, and this, with the other crime of having a very handsome wife, proved the "lacking ingredient" that was necessary to make out a case that sent Catacazy and his beautiful wife from Washington society back to their most graclous master at St. Petersburg convicted of the Russians wondered what, but nevertheless disgraced. Now what is queerest about the present complication is that Mr. Fish should allow himself to become a victim of the same kind of a conspiracy. He was most active in urging the change aganst the Russian Minister, and it was his family that first refused to return the calls of the handsome wife. Re would neither meet socially nor recognize officially a family implicated in a responsibility for what appeared in the editerial columns of the New York World. His case is now precisely similar to that of Catacazy. It is not charged that he wrote the articles, or that they were written and submitted for his approval, but that through his son-in-law, Mr. Sidney Webster, he "inspired them." That is precisely the shape that the charge against Catacazy assumed. He was able even to show that he could not write such English as was contained in the objectionable articles, and his handsome wite could show by private notes written on many occasions, that while her education in most was all that the most favorable opportunities could make it, her spelling and construction of the English language was not such as grace the columns of the World. But all this did not save them, for the argument came that "inspiring" editorially did not require the most perfect

knowledge of the English language. It is intimated that Mr. Fish will be able to vindicate himself, and that the President does not entertain the propoaltion of forcing him out of the Cabinet. It is further said that this whole charge is a fabrication of a young man pamed Ezekiel, who concocted the story and circulated it for the purpose of getting Mr. Fish out of the way in the interest of the Cuban patriots, whose enemy he has all along shown himself to be. It does not much matter who started it, the charge is so serious a one that if Ezekiel makes out half a case Mr. Fish will find his fat all in the fire.

WE ARE compelled to omit the accounts of Christmas festivals at all points, kindly furnished by trienas of the STAR. One-half of the literature of that description that reached us this morning would lift the whole paper with much to spare. In the main they were of the same general character. The festival was nicely arranged, the music was excellent, the programme was carried out most satisfactorily in all particulars. Kris Kringle was lavish with his presents and the little folks were delighted. This summing up answers for each one, and a happy time all around it was.

A FOREIGN dispatch intimates another phase of the Khokand troubles. We have all the time been informed that Russia was exerting her utmost to keep matters quiet on the border, but was not able to do so-that the authorities at St. Petersburg were greatly perplexed over the state of affairs in that locality. Now comes the further suggestion that Russia rather thinks it advisable to annex the remainder of the country in order to secure more safety to her people in that quarter. This may be another and a more correct version of the news from Khohand.

Our foreign dispatches to-day mention a great battle between the Turks and the Insurgents on Thursday last, in which officen thousand troops were engaged and the Turks successful. No articulars are yet received, but the anouncement comes from London, and was probably received there from the War Office in Constantinople. Great allowance can therefore be made, as reports

THE CINCINNATI DAILY STAR, from this quarter of Turkish viotories have not heretofore been very truthful.

THE winter promises to be gloomy enough for the out-door poor of Cincinnati. Our wealthy people are always charitable enough when occasion presents itself, and if some movement could be started for the relief of this class of our people it would meet with substantial support from them. No soup houses to attract the army of tramps to the city, but all necessary relief to our own worthy poor, is what the people desire.

IF the Inter-Ocean succeeds in half it is attempting against Mr. Bristow the removal of Mr. Ham will prove to have been a great mistake.

THE WRONG "BNOOZER." How a Party of Virginia City Miners Waked Up the Wrong Han,

An evening or two since, says the Territorial Enterprise, some of the employes of the Ophir Company found an intoxicated man sleeping off his overallowance of "tarantula juice" among the shavings in one of the temporary shops near the works. They had some trouble in getting the fellow aroused, and more in getting him to comprehend where he was, or rather that he was not in a place where he legitimately belonged.

longed.

It was determined by the men who found the boozy party that they would give him such a fright that he would never again venture within a mile of the works. Therefore, they told their man that they had positive orders to kill any person found about the works after dark. They said it was a thing they did not like to do, but the works had lately been destroyed by fire and the company were retined. were not in a humor to take any more chances—their orders were imperative. The man tried to beg off, saying that he did not know how he came into the shed, and swearing by all that was good and bad he meant no harm, but all would

and bad he meant he harm, but all would not do.

He was selzed and dragged some distance up the hill toward the Masonic Cemetery, to a place in the open country where five or six rifled cannon belonging to the Nevada Artillery have been standing since the day of the fire. Two stout men then selzed the trembling "snoozer;" and placing his head in front of the muzzle of one of the gues told him he had but three misutes to live, as they were about to blow his head off. ere about to blow his head off.

Again the man begged for mercy, say-ing that he bad only taken a drop too much and got into the shed, he know not how, but certainly with no evil inten-

Said a man who had taken his place at Said a man who had taken his place at the breech of the gun, and was taking some matches from his vest pocket: "if you have any word to leave for a wife, an old tather and mother, or any friend or relative, you will do well to make known your wishes."

"I recken I hain't got ary wife or old father or mother or anybedy as cares a chaw of tobacker about me."
"Well, but have you no diving request

"Well, but have you no dying request, no dying wish?" "Well now you talk. Mont I make a

"You may, and be quick about it (lighting a match), for when I apply this match to the touch hole of this gun, off goes your head. You have a request to make?"

"Stranger, I hov." "Out with it thee. We can't feel with you all night, when there may be other fire bugs prowling about the works."
"I ken have my last request, then?"
"You can."

"You won't go back on me?"

Vhatever I ax you'll grant?" "Whatever I ax you'll grant?"
"Don't I say so? Let's hear your dying request, or dab goes a match into this powder and off goes your head?"
"Well, then, as I have your word as a gentleman, my last and only desire is that you'll put me at the other end of the gun before yer stick that match inter its touch-hole."

"Too thin!" cried all hands. "Good, but too thin! You don't get off that way!"

"On, hot" said the snoozer, "you know who I am, I recken. You don't know who you've picked up, Bill Silver, from the Muddy Fork of the Monican!" And suddenly shaking himself free from the hold of the men wno held his arms, he reached down into the top of his right boot and brought out a revolver nearly

as large as a gatting gan.

"On, ho!" cocking his formidable shooting-iron, "go back on your word? go back on my dyin' request? Now I know what kind of men I've got to deal -infernal lines and murderers !" Half this speech had not been confuded—indeed the pistol had hardly clicked-before there was a wild scat-tering of the little party of practical

They ran behind the groups of cannon bounded over the cemetery fence toward the shelter of the tembstones, and in short rolled and tumbied in all direc-

"Oh, he!" cried Old Bill, why don't yer stand by yer gun? Come out of yer holes! You've got a bigger gun nor I hev, but I've got the most shots, and I'll give yer a fair fight and die game! Wall, here's some for you et radem!" see here's some for you at raudom!" and Old Bill let off a couple of shots among the cannon and tombstones. The jokers were mighty glad when their old snoozer ceased to rage about the spot, and took his way mutteringly toward the disant light of the toward

toward the distant lights of the town

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Idea of Heaven

[From His Recent Book.] Modern discovery shows that the planets go around the sun, and that the sun and the planets—Indeed all the celestial systems—go in one direction and in one circle, all going around about some great central world; a world vast beyond all astronomical calculation; a world vast enough, by power of gravita-tion, to wheel the whole universe around it. As our sun—our little sun— is 500 times larger than the earth and the planets, thus wheeling them around it, so, then, I suppose, the great central world of whice I speak is not hundred times larger than all the other worlds put together, so as to wheel them around it. You must believe in the existence of such a central world, unless you reject all scienting exploration and deduction. That world, stupendous beyond arithmetic, beyond wor beyond imagination, I believe is heav

A correspondent writes that they do things in a singular manner in India. He says: If ever there was a time for Indian journalists to work hard it was when the Prince of Wales entered their country. Nevertheless, one of them, the proprietor of a native paper in Bengal, published the following notice just before the Prince's arrival: "The present is an occasion when all our countrymen should cease to work, and participate themselves in the joys and festivities incidental to it. Accordingly, we allow ourselves and our establishment leave of absence for a couple of weeks. During this abort recess we wish our subscribers and constituents health and good luck." correspondent writes that they d

MY STRANCE COMRADE.

abors of a Refugee for the Regeneration

At a desk where I worked in a dingy room some years ago, a comrade would occasionally take his place. The clerks in the office—a wretched, slovenly and low-bred set of men—used to call this person Quasi, and he was the target for innumerable coarse jests. I used to puzzle over Quasi, losing the man sometimes in pondering over his name. Quasi was sadly misshapen, with an ugly stoop and bandled legs; but if the torse was ungainly, his head was superb. The business I was occupied in then was a slavish one. I simply wrote from morning until night business circulars, and was paid at a rate which barely kept soul and body together. Quasi's work was occasional in character.

Now and then a batch of letters had to be written and addressed to all the German brewers throughout the country, extolling the merits of a new patent beer faucet, or a circular was to be thrown

Now and then a batton of retters and to be written and addressed to all the German brewers throughout the country, extelling the merits of a new patent bear faucet, or a circular was to be thrown out to all Italians, urging protective measures in regard to a proposed increase of duty on macaroni. Here Quasi's polygiot acquirements came into play, for he could speak and write all modern languages like a Mezzofanti. Walle waiting for such periods of foreign work Quasi starved. The man's face was at the thermometer of his bodily condition. Not that the spiritual essence of the poor drudge was affected by misery, for the face mostly bore a pleasant smile; but at his age—he was inlly 50—his physical traits would show animal suffering. If I could then indulge in two meals a day, I was sure Quasi rarely had more than one.

One evening I prevailed on the man to share with me a scanty meal at an obscure eating house,

"Why are you called Onasi?" I asked.

share with me a scanty meal at an obscure eating house,

"Why are you called Quast?" I asked.
"Oh, Quast? Is it that which puzzles you? That name was given me rather curiously by a former cierk some years ago, long before you came into the office. It happened this way: One Sunday, it was in early spring, I was walking near Central Park. Everything locked so bright and gay, that I had estirely forgotten my stupid stomach. On one of these open lots, those rocky ones near the Park, a goat with her kid passed near me. There was breakfast, dinner and supper. Poor Nanny came to me as the ravens did to Edjah. It might have been a sin to deprive the kid of her rights, but I coaxed the mother to my side, and her swelling udder gave me a glorious banquet. Is tole my dinner. It was a fete champetre.

was a fete champetre.

If the old Irish crone who beat me If the old frish crone who beat me with her broomstick could have forgiven me, or taken out her pay with blows, I should have been better satisfied. As luck would have it, this former cierk in luck would have it, this former cierk in our establishment was passing by and rescued me. He must have read Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame." He dubbed me Quasimodo. Associated me probably with Esmeralda or bergsat. I am Quasi. Why not? How the owner of that goat laid it ou! I have often longed to breakfast that way again, but have been afraid. Quasi! Why a certain unshappiness about me," he continued, simply, "has made an abbreviation of Quasimodo appropriate. I have adopted it. modo appropriate. I have adopted it.
My back is bowed, my legs are
crooked. I was born so. That does not prevent my enjoying excellent health. I have a rude power of existence which defics privation. Without boasting of it, I have a rude power of extence which defics privation. Without bonsting of it, few men are stronger than I am. I was a trifle out of sorts an hour ago, but, thanks to you, I have had a good supper and feel myself quite restored. There, can you do that?" Here, like the monk Amidor, he took a bone from a plate, and, holding it between his fingers, without any visible effort save muscular contraction of the hand, he splintered it. I opened my eyes in astonishment, thinking of the many coarse jokes the men in the office had played upon Quasi, and how, with a single blow, he might have annihilated them. "My father and mother," he continued, "were straight, shapely people, of a race famed for their personal beauty. Old friends have told me that my face alone bears the family type."

the family type."
"Are you a Pole?" I asked.
"Yes. My poor mother—it happened
before I was born—saw my father bend his back, his legs and arms were fet-tered, and when life had been lashed out Nicholas' time. That shock was lasting I came into the world shortly after that and my body perpetuates that harrow-ing impression. My mother never for-got it, and may I be accursed if I ever do." Here the whole appearance of the man was terribly metamorphosed. From that listless expression of indifferman ence, of carm resignation, there came one of intense, paintal concentration one of intense, paintal concentration. The eyes shot fire, the lips quivered, the hair bristled, and the nestrils were dilated. It was, though, but a momentary flash, for an instant alterward Quasi became the poor back, the writing drudge, the butt of the office. Evidently he did not like recurring rurtuer to a paintal subject, nor did I feel just then that I had the right to be inquisitive. We taked about our calling, of writing letters paid for with the fraction of a penny, and we ended by isaughtion of a penny, and we ended by laugh-ing over our miseries. From the con-versation I had with the man I found I had to do with a person whose informa-tion was not only vast, but solid. I ven-tured to say to him that with his talents,

tured to say to him that with his talents, even at his age, he was sure in time to better his position.

"Why, I asked, "do you stay in the office?" Had I your gift of language I would soon find a good position."

"Have you ever read of Hoffman?" asked Quasi. "If you have, you may remember how he telfs a story about a painter. Now, this artist was partially insane. That longing after the ideal so many natures seek for and never find, had got the better of his reason. Forms of grace and beauty had overtaxed his strength. The only relief the stupid fellow found was in working out with releand compass the most rudimentary figures. At certain hours of the day, very brief ones, lovely faces would come before him, and he would outline-them on his canvas, but a garish riot of color before him, and he would outline them on his canvas, but a garish riot of color would make his pure drawing but the vilest daub. Then he would go to his church—he had hired himself to paint it—and would methodically lay the color on its woolen walls, in imitation of stone, bringing out with Chinese accuracy even the interstices of the building blocks. Potand and liberty! The former is my ideal; she exists; how she shall be free—that unceasingly occupies my thoughts. It may have crazed me at times, like the hero of the story teller's history. In the meanwhile, in the mechanical humrdum toil of copying letters addressed to cheese sellers or tailors my mind finds relief. It may be with me somewhat of a necessity, something me somewhat of a necessity, something of choice. I am purifying my views. What means I may have devised for the

become so many primers. A single lessor impresses it into their souls; the father tells the son of it, the grandmether the grandehild, istrive to eliminate some of the grosser factors. Life seems to me, as I grow older, more sacred than it used to be. Yet, I who speak to you have run many a terrible risk. I have less that may be some dozen other men that be free, if not this year, at least in this century, I will not doubt. But how? But you have led me into a topic I rarely venture on, save with my own people, I am one of the Polish Legton in America, and the probable nor possible. I am here for another reason. Many a Polish refugee, many a dissatisfied one, finds a home are. They seek me for advise. The dole if yet them?—

"What!" I exclaimed, "and you are starving at times!"

"Pray, pardon my avrogance. Well, what little money is sont to me is more theirs than mins. My occupation at the office fits one purpose of my life, For four years I have been making out a list of Potes in the United States. I have offer one is more year of the some day, when the linal effort is to be made, money, the sinew of war, will be forthcoming, and my long catalogue of hames, the labor of many a night of increase theirs than mins. My occupation at the other permose tropy, Quasi had a room. Is the room were a bed, a chair and thouse, money, the sinew of war, will be forthcoming, and my long catalogue of hames, the labor of many a night of increase their stan mins. My occupation at the other permose trapelle in the property of the more many of the property of the property

have frozen in winter. My work is here," and fram a classet he drew out a series of huge folios. "These are my lists. Many of these men have prospered wonderfully in America. In their affluence they will not forget their mother. See here—here's the name. That man matured a plot at Posen. There was a traitor, and he had to fly. We smuggled him over to Constantinopie. It was during the Crimean war. He came here a beggar. He was a Jew, and cried "glass to mend," through New York streets. He is a banker to-day in San Francisco. I might draw on him for a large amount for the cause. He has given already, and will give yet without stint."

"And the traitor?" I inquired.
"It was a family matter. His own brother put a knife into his heart. He did not live a day. Here is my black list. No true Pole ever talks with these or breake bread in their houses. Once my fist passed, once our mother slighted, they are pariahs." Quasi with his threadbare coat, his may finger, his squalid appearance, here assumed the defiant, arrogant mien of an Emperor. "Here, in this poor room, I excente my plans—it is in our dining office, on an empty stemach mostly, that I mature them. Will you stay with me jet a while? It is absured that I can't even offer you a cup of coffee, but I am as poor as a rat. "And the traitor?" I inquired. It is absurd that I can't even offer you a cup of coffee, but I am as poor as a rat. But see you, America has been to me a school of probation. This makes my sixth year here. In a month or so I shall be promoted to a European post. An important post will be confided to me. When the time comes I shall be happy to return the disner you shared with me to-day." with me to-day."

In Quasi's humble lodging I met two other guests. Quasi, my host, was eatled count; my right-hand neighbor was addressed as general. His name I know. His likeness had been familiar to many through the illustrated prints as a brave Polish officer in the United States service during our civil war. On my left-hand was a dignified old gentleman, spoken of as a Right Reverend. The repast was Spartan in its simplici-The repast was Spartan in its simplicity. Conversation took a curious tone. Foreign events, which are simple to us now, the reasons for them, which were hidden then, were treated with a judg-ment which seems to me, after a certain lapse of years, to have been almost prophetic. We separated early. "There," said Quasi, as we were alone, "now for have to work far into the night. the person we addressed as the Reverend who takes my place here. The pieus gentlemen is the son of one of Poland's martyred priests. To-night my work here draws to a close. You would be surprised did I tell you the amount of money I have collected and transmitted abroad for the sacred cause. Clerks at Brown Brothers and Belmont's were amazed at the appearance of a prisera-ble-looking object like me buying such bills of exchange. Now there will be war between France and Germany. I France is auccessful, she incurs the enmity of Russia; it Germany conquers it will be the same thing. But we won't go into politics of the signest grade. At we care for is that there is going to be trouble in Europe, not for the next few years only, but for twenty years to come, and when thieves fail out there may be a chance for Poland. Remem-ber me always as Quasi, who robbed an Irishwoman of her goat's milk. What a delicious draught it was. Now, adieu,"

and we shook hands and parted. Some months ago I was on an ocean steamer, bidding a friendly good by. In the steerage I passed an old gentleman

scemer, ording a richary good by. In the steerage I passed an old gentleman quietly sitting on a trunk, who was solating aimself with a pluch of snuff. I recognized him as the Right Reverend of Quasi's farewell dinner. "And Quasi," I asked, "what of him? I met you, sir, once at a dinner with Quasi." "Quasi," said the old gentleman, "An, yes, I remember him; yes, that was his name here, I had almbet forgotten about him. Oh, he was shot by the Prussians or French, I torget which, for a spy. Quite a capital kind of a person; you were a friend of his? Quasi bore a name illustrious in our unhappy Polaud. He made the twenty-sixth man in the same family, in this country alone, who gave up the twenty-sixth man in the same family, in this country alone, who gave up his life for his mother. It would be on no use to tell his name. You Americans mangle our names. You have hardly yet decided how to spell the names of our Polish heroes, who died in your revolutionary times. Yes; I am going over for the cause. Things are moving. I may not live to see our mother free; even you, who are you much hot, but your not live to see our mother free; even you, who are younger, may not, but your onlidren may. So you knew Quast, and have thought of him? Good-by, and never cease thanking the Aimighty that you are free." And saying this, the old man, with trembling hand, drew a breviary from his pocket and was soon absorbed in its contents.—[N. Y. Times.

A Baby's Soliloquy.

of choice. I am purifying my views. What means I may have devised for the liberty of my country are less crude than they were. I have advocated, have even practiced, the more terrible methods. Baptisms of blood are necessary for human regeneration. Poland every ten or twenty years must hoist her ensanguined sign, toss about her holocaust of victims, her advertisement of despair. How otherwise appeal to the institutes of an illiterate but impassioned race, pensants who have ne book learning. By showing Poland those blood-red letters, printed on the body of her sons, these

ARERICAN GENIUS—MODDY AND SANKET.

The great revivalists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who electrified staid old England with their elequence and enthusiasm, are lair samples of American genius. Springing from among the common people, their sympathies are aliye to the wants of the whole people, and and herein lies the secret of their great success. Those who seek to be popular must study and be familiar with the wants of the masses and prove loyal thereto. To this fact we may rese the grand success is business, as well as in religious undertakings, whoch many Americans bave achieved. Strikingly flustrative of these suggestions is that great establishment, located at Buffelo, N. 1., and known as the "World's Dispensary"—a most appropriate name, indeed, for that was institution, within whose watts are unanufactured remedies which are in demand in every omarter of the gloic, and at which a corps of distinguished physicians and surgeous, under the personal direction of Dr. Pierce, are constantly administering to the needs of thousands of sufferors everywhere, and whose success in the treatment of all forms of chronic atlients has become so well known that there is scarcely almiliar. Its proprietor, says the Herald and Forchlight, of Detroit, "is a man of the people, writes for them, and to them tenders his eminent professional services." His advertisements are carnest exhortations. Like the great revivanistic, his enthusiasm is multiplied by the unparalized success of his enterprise, as well as by the efficacy of his remedies in curing discase. The people believe in him and his remedies, because, as the New York Tribune says, "he sympathizes with them in all their afflictions, efforts and attainments." Hence Delieve in him and his remedicine, and also as a cough remedy, than any other remediating gent in the world. His Favorite Prescription he does not recommend as a "cure-ali," as its 30 often done by componed to a pecific the its appropriates, have been and their afflictions of the remediation and entire the people

mustard seed, have proved so agreeable and reliable as a catharrise that they are rapidly taking the place of the large, nauseous piles serectofor so much in ne; while his Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is a favorite remedy for their, Gramps, Summer-complaint, Diacrims, Dysantery, Châlers and Cholora Morbus and a so as a limiment. Of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and Dr. Pierce's Masail Douche, tittle need be said, as they are known recreations for Catar's fermeny, and Dr. Perces's mass Douche, tittle need be said, as they are known everywhere as the greatest specifics for Catarra and "cold in the head" ever given to the public. And besides this large measure of success, Dr. Pierce seems likely to achieve as great renown as an author as he has as a physician. His Commos Serse Medical Advises, a book of about 900 pages, which he sells at the apparatiseled low price of \$1 t0, has already been sold to the extent of exhausting two editions amounting to forty thousand copies. The secret of Dr. Pierce's success, as well as that of the great revivalists, and scores of other Americans, who by their genius have advanced step by step from obscurity to affluence and distinction, consists in treating the people with consideration, symenthy, cancer, and honesty. No man, who hopes to attain either wealth or distinction, can appoint to deal unfarity, with the world or be imitherent to the wants and best interests of humanity.

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LEGAL

OTICE.—The annual stockholders' most-ing of the Crascent Silver Company with the held at No. 4 East Third street, January 12, 876, at one o'clock P. M., and to vote on change of number of Directors.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribes has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Henry Waither, late of Hamilton county, deceased.

JOHN KOLBE, No. 61 Main street.

Chornstatt, December 11, 1875. deits-mM

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed and qualified as administrator de bonts non on the estate a lohn Crane, late of Hamilton county, Ohio

lecessed.

Dated at Cincinnati this eleventh day of De-sunber, A. D. 1875.

CHARLES J. W. SMITH, Administrator, J. G. & H. Douglass, Attlys. det3-3tM

CHARLES J. W. SMITH, Administrator.

J. G. & H. Douglass, Attys. deta-state

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualised by the Probate Court of Hamilton country. Ohio, as Assignee of Watter & Howell. Creditors are actified to present their claims within the time required by law, and deblors to schill their accounts.

H. L. GOPPER,
S. E. corner of Fifth and Walout streets, Chacimati, Ohio.

Charles and Walout streets, Chacimati, Ohio.

Robt. Gende, defendant. Hamilton Common Piens No. 45,285. Puttion for divorced in above case. Elisabeth Gende deposited this day her petition, in which she declares that she is an inhabitant of the State of Ohio since a year past, and at present a bone fide inhabitant of Hamilton county. That she was married to the defendant on the 24th of October, A. D., 1855; that she was a true and obesient which that the had a chird with the defendant, who bears the name Elisabeth Gende; that the defendant has not fulfilled his dulies as a husband, and that he willingly was absent from ulaintiff for more than three years.

She therefore asis to be appointed as guardian of the child, for divorce, alimony and such further aid to which she may be entitled. The defendant is requested to bring in an active of the country of Piaintiff, del3-8th*

Autorney for Piaintiff,

EGAL.—Michael Burns, of the State of

dei3-6iM*

Attorney for Pinintiff.

BGAL—Michael Burns, of the State of Iowa, will take notice that John T. Wright, of Cincinnatt, Ohio, on the 17th day of October, 1874, filed his pectation in the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton county, Ohio, in case No. 44,748, against Michael Burke, Margaret Burke, his wife, and the said Michael Burns, alleging that the said Michael Burns and Margaret Burke gave a mortgage to the said John I. Wright on those lote in Cincinnati, Hamilton county, Ohio, designated as No. 5t, No. 38 and the north half of No. 31 on a plat-of lots belonging to the estate of Stephen & mape, accessed, as recorded in Plat-Book No. 1, page 572, of the Records of said county, to secure the payment of \$132.00, with interest thereon, at 5 per cent., from June 3, 1872, as set out in said mortgage and Michael Burns has acquired an interest in said lots, and praying that said Michael Burke may pay said sum as chained with interest, or that said lots may be sold to pay the same. Said petition will be for hearing Jannary 16th, 1878.

By Stevenson & Maxwell, Atty*.

Nov. 22, 1876.

EGAL—Robert T. Thorburn, plaintiff, va.

Nov. 22, 1976.

I EGAL.—Robert T. Thorburn, plaintiff, va. Robert B. Thorburn, quisnoani.—State of Obio, Hamilion County, Common Pleas—Case No. 41,721.—The above-named defendant, who is non-resident of the State of Ohio, is hereby notified that on the 5th day of December, 1876, the above-named plaintiff filed his putition against said defendant in said Count of Common Pleas, therein clauming that said defendant is indebted to plaintiff in the sum of \$398 with interest from September B. 1874, upon an ancount for board, todaing and other necessaries supplied by said plauntiff to the defendant, at his request, during the period from April 1, 1878, to September B. 1874; and to satisfy said claim, the printiff bas swed out an attachment and attached the following: The undivided one-fourth, which is subject to the life estate of the lobort T. Thorburn; all that certain int of the country and holms in the city of Cincin-

one-fourth, which is subject to the life estate of klobert T. Thorburn; all that certain lot of ground lying and being at the city of Cincinnast, Hamilton county, Ohio, in fract number 4 (four). Cutter's division, boginning on the west side of said tract number four, on the moreh side of said tract number four, on the moreh side of said tract number four, on the moreh side of said tract number four, on the moreh side of said tract number four, on the moreh side of said tract number four, on the more fitted and fourtoen (114) feet, more or less, to the alley running through the block between kickmond and Cunterine structs; thence westwardly on the south line of said alley twenty-two (25) feet; thence southwardly on the west line of said tract number four (4) to Richmond street, to the point of beginning. The said defendant is hereby notaind that unless he answers to said perlian on or before the lifth day of February, 1876, the same will be taken as confedendant in the same will be taken as confedendant in the same will be taken as confedendants.

THE WEEKLY SUN. 1776. NEW YORK.

Eightees hundred and seventy-six is the Centeonial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and ail of times are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and ail of times and everything commoded with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN.

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we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, takes, poems, scientific intelligence and information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features. The fashions are also regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind.

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